DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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FATHER MATHEW.

A hundred years ago, (on October 10th, 1790, in Thomastown), County Tipperary, was born Theobald Mathew, Ireland's second St. Patrick, the great Irish apostle of temperance. Theobald early earned the title of "the saint of the family" by his generous regard for his eight brothers and his sister and his devotion to his mother. His father, though poor, was a near relative of the Earl of Llandaff. Theobald's mother was very solicitous that at least one of her sons should become a priest, and on learning this Theobald immediately said, "I will be a priest." In accordance with this choice he was sent to Maynooth College in 1807, and narrowly escaped expulsion for attempting to give a feast in his room to his fellow theological students, almost every irregularity there entailing dismissal. Under this disgrace he withdrew from Maynooth, but, continuing his studies, joined the Franciscan Friars, and was consecrated a priest by the Archbishop of Dublin in 1814. The young friar's first sermon was delivered in the parish church at Kilfiado His subject was the difficulty of a rich man gaining heaven. He showed that the misuse was alone culpable, not the mere possession of wealth. A wealthy but very stout member of the congregation thanked the young preacher for trying to squeeze him through the eye of the Gospel needle. The young preacher had a weak, shrill voice, but his earnestness more than over came this, and he rapidly acquired renown as a powerful preacher.

Soon after his consecration he was stationed in Cork as assistant to an eminent priest named Father Donovan, and between them sprang up the strongest friendship. Father Mathew was an enthusiastic worker for the poor, and his ragged school soon had a roll of 500 children whom he taught at the "Little Friary." To perform his priestly functions and the self-imposed tasks he cheerfully rose not later than four o'clock in the morning. At that time total abstinence was generally regarded with disdain, and for a long time Father Mathew doubted the propriety of openly espousing so extreme a cause. His friend—for he was no bigot—honest John Martin—a Quaker, eventually persuaded him to espouse the movement, of which he immediately became the pre-eminent leader. Father Mathew's first temperance meeting was poorly attended. It was held in his parish school-room, and on the platform sat Friend Martin, who justly claimed in after years to be the grandfather of the movement. Father Mathew's address was very short, but eminently practical. He paid a tribute to "honest John Martin" and taking pen in hand signed the temperance pledge, remarking, "here goes in the name of God." The news that Father Mathew had taken this step spread like wildfire and soon his open air temperance mass meetings in the Cork Horse Bazaar were thronged by 4,000 listeners at a time. His magnetism appeared to be, and was regarded by thousands, as miraculous, for no such scenes had ever been before witnessed. The crush to sign the pledge at the meeting, was overwhelming, and in three months 25,000 people had signed it and by the end of the year the number had rolled up to 156,000.

In December, 1839, Father Mathew visited Limerick, and the country for scores of miles around was deserted by the thousands who flocked in to see and hear the famous priest.

Maynooth College, in 1840, received the now illustrious friar as a conqueror, in striking contrast to the time when, under a school boy cloud, he left her walls. At this visit eight professors and two hundred and fifty students enrolled themselves under the temperance banner. In this year he paid a visit to the Protestant North and for a time Orange and Green blended and the Father spoke of the kindness of those friends who displayed Orange flags in his honor, thus disarming the act if intended as an affront.

Father Mathew societies, with bands and banners, sprang up everywhere and were liberally supported by the founder, who gave every shilling that he had, including several legacies which fell to him, to the movement, leaving for himself only the barest necessaries.

The "Liberator," O'Connell, was an eloquent disciple of Father Mathew, and walked in a temperance procession in Cork.

The "apostle's" fame spread to the United States and throughout Great Britain, and in August, 1842, he reversed the first St. Patrick's mission, by evangelizing Scotland to the extent of holding enormous meetings in the Glasgow cattle market, where he obtained 12,000 pledges. On his return a great demonstration in his honor was given in Dublin, the call for it being signed by two dukes, four barons, nineteen earls, ten viscounts, four bishops, forty baronets and scores of the clergy of all denominations.

In 1843 he visited England and was treated with marked consideration by many members of the nobility, but when in London the publicans of Bermondsey and Westminster incited mobs to assault him, and his platforms were attacked at those parts of London with great violence, but without harm to the devoted temperance leader. He was also slandered by liquor sellers, who spread the rumor that he was making money out of his medals, but as a matter of fact they were a serious loss to him as he gave away far more than he sold and his unselfishness was demonstrated by his being actually arrested for inability to pay a debt. When in England, Protestants, as a rule, were as enthusiastic admirers of Father Mathew's wonderful work as were his co-religionists, and he, in turn, was ever ready to co-operate without thought of differences of religion. One of his most eminent supporters in England was the Protestant Bishop of Norwich.

Father Mathew was unanimously nominated Bishop of Cork, in 1847, by the clergy of that diocese, but the Holy See decided otherwise. It was in this year that the British Government conferred upon him a pension of £300 pounds a year, and never was a pension more worthily bestowed or more honestly earned, for, as a result of the Father Mathew movement, trade made marvellous strides, while crime rapidly diminished. It was in 1847, that paralysis first afflicted the noble friar, and for a period he was laid aside from the work he so passionately loved. Partially recovering from the shock, however, he,

FATHER MATHEW,
The Famous Irish Apostle of Temperance.

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THE CAUSE & PRACTISE OF INTEMPERANCE
EVERY REV.D T. MATHEW PRESIDENT

in 1849, responded to a call from America, and sailed for New York, where, on July 2nd of that year, he was received with great honor by the Mayor and municipal authorities. Great meetings were held by him at Castle Garden, and daily levees at the City Hall. Thousands became his pledged disciples, and like results followed in the twenty-five States of the Union which he visited.

When sailing to Nashville on a Mississippi steamer he was again stricken with paralysis, and soon after this, on November 8th, 1851, sailed for his native land. While in America he enrolled 600,000 followers. Suffering continually, he yet devoted his failing strength to the great cause, for he said, "Like the apostle, I glory in my infirmities, and I am determined to die in harness." After a third paralytic stroke Father Mathew passed peacefully away at Queenstown, on December 8th, 1856.—*Witness.*

THE HINDU BOY'S CONFESSION.

Many years ago a boy came to a hospital in India to be healed by the missionary physician there. He was soon able to leave the hospital, cured. While under the missionary's care the lad—he was only a little fellow—was told of Jesus, the Physician of the soul.

The boy did not forget the missionary, nor did he forget the truth taught. Some time after, when visiting the town in which the boy lived, the missionary was surprised to hear his name called by a lad.

"Who are you?" asked the teacher.

"Don't you know me!" was the reply. "I am the boy whom you cured in the hospital some months ago. I heard that you were coming, and I have been looking for you for several days. I am so glad that you are here. You cured my body; but you did more. You told me that my soul has disease, and you told me of Jesus, the soul's Physician. I want to know more about him."

The boy then asked to be taken to the home of the missionary, that he might study there and learn more about Jesus. After talking with the lad for a while the missionary consented, and the boy went to the mission home and school. But the boy did not remain long undisturbed in his new home. His father, hearing where the boy was, came to the missionary and, learning that the boy was there, asked at once:—

"Has he broken his caste?"

The reader, perhaps, knows that in India the people are divided into what are called castes, or grades of society. Each caste must keep by itself. And for people of different castes to eat together, or even to eat food cooked by those of another caste, is to break one's own caste and to suffer disgrace. The missionary replied that the boy had broken his caste and was at that very moment eating in another room food prepared by a person of a lower caste.

Looking into the room the father saw his son eating there, and he knew that his boy, according to custom, had become degraded below the rank of his father's family. Angry at the boy, angry at the missionary, angry at Christianity, the father determined to have revenge. He at once went to a magistrate and had the missionary arrested for kidnapping the child.

Unless he could prove himself innocent the missionary was liable to be severely punished. The trial took place. The boy was put on the witness stand, where he testified that the missionary had not even asked him to go along, but he had consented to take him into the mission home to study. He said, further, that the missionary would at any time let him return to his home, but he did not wish to go. The missionary was at once pronounced innocent and discharged.

Next came the question what should be done with the boy. He begged to be allowed to remain with the missionary, but according to law he must remain under his father's charge. There was little doubt that the father would have punished him unmercifully, and would have forbidden him to have anything to do with the missionaries, or Christianity, if once the boy came under his control. But there was, probably still is, a law in India allowing every one to choose his own religion if he can show himself intelligent enough to select for himself. The missionary asked that the boy be allowed to choose which religion he would have. To this there could be no objection. But the heathen lawyer of the boy's father determined to so confuse the lad that the judge would decide him incapable of choosing a religion.

Again the boy was put on the witness stand and the lawyer began to ask puzzling questions. The little fellow knew what was at stake. He knew that everything depended on his answer, but he knew that the Lord said that when his servants are brought before rulers they need not give themselves anxiety about what they should say, for their heavenly father will tell them what to speak. Trusting in the God whom he was beginning to know, the boy answered as well as he could the questions, and when a chance was given he spoke for himself.

He told how, in the hospital, he had learned of the disease of his soul and of Jesus, the great Physician and how the new and strange truths had filled and fed his empty, hungry heart and made it satisfied. He said that he had brought his tired, sin-sick soul to Jesus, and laid it at his feet. There he had found a welcome and pardon and cleansing and peace and rest. He declared that he had proved the truth of the missionary's teaching. It had told him that he was the child of a king, that he had wandered away from home, from his Father, and from the kingdom. It had directed him back, and, following the direction, he had found the kingdom; he had been welcomed by his kingly Father, who had promised some day to take him to the royal city and into the palace home.

While the lad was telling his story the lawyer at first tried to interrupt, but the judge told him to let the lad tell the story in his own way. Soon the judge became deeply interested, and then the lawyer himself listened, rather because he wanted to hear than to oppose. Every one present was attentive. Men who cared neither for Christianity or any other religion looked at the face of the boy and bent forward to catch every word he said. Before the little fellow finished tears glistened in the eyes of more than one listener.

At the close of the boy's testimony, and before the judge gave a decision, the heathen lawyer of the father arose and said there was no need of saying anything more. The boy had proven that he was able to choose his own religion, and no one had a right to interfere with that choice. The judge decided that the boy was at liberty to become a Christian and that the law would protect him. He said further, that he had never, even from learned men, heard such testimony for the Christian religion as the boy had given. He said that he had never heard such simple, yet touching eloquence, from the lips of any man. A religion that could so move a child must be more than human.

The father's anger was too bitter to be conquered by the words of his boy, though he had nothing to say in reply. Disappointed in his purpose to get back his son, angry that the law protected him in his choice of Christianity, the father turned his back on his son, and left the court-room. His son, after that, was to him less than a stranger and worse than an enemy. He, in the father's eyes, had degraded himself, disgraced the family, and brought shame upon the family name, so could never be owned by them again.

The boy, after the decision of the judge, returned to the mission home and became a Christian. He remained a scholar in the mission school until old enough to study for the ministry. He is now a prominent preacher of the Gospel among his countrymen in India. The boy found great difficulties in the way of becoming a Christian, but he started. He trusted the Lord to help him through, and the Lord kept his promise.—*Sydney Clare, in New York Observer.*

ONE THING TRIUMPHANT.

Drinking baffles us, confounds us, shames us, mocks us at every point. Every other institution flounders in hopeless difficulties, but the public house (grog-shop) holds its triumphant course. Under the accumulating influence of alcohol, the honest man turns knave, the respectable man suddenly loses principle and self-respect, the wise man is utterly foolish, the rigidly moral man takes a plunge into libertinism. Let us do something toward staying the huge mischief which, one way or another, confounds us all, and may—for we can't be sure—crush and ruin us all.—*London Times.*

FOR THE INFANT.

Teachers constantly desire to know what is the best method of preparing God's Word, so that it can be properly received into young minds and hearts. Many have imagined this to be a very easy task; but only the teacher of experience realizes that it is one of the most difficult in the line of religious instruction. Even in this advanced period there are to be found many teachers who believe with one who said, "I have not time to prepare lessons for an adult class, but I would like to teach the primary class, because that does not require any preparation." Some teachers imagine a hurried glance at the lesson on Sunday morning will give ample preparation for teaching. To all such suffer me to speak a word. Do you fully realize how important are the truths you are required to prepare? They are certainly the most valuable words and truths ever committed to man. These "wonderful words of life" are to be impressed by you upon the plastic mind of a little child. Do not think the preparation for this can be lightly, thoughtlessly, hurriedly accomplished. You need more study, more light, more of the Holy Spirit, than is required by the teacher of an adult class. It is much the best plan to take one thought that is best adapted to the minds of our scholars, than to attempt to impress upon them the many truths usually found in the selected lessons. This one thought should be be impressed upon them; an intimate knowledge of the needs of your scholars will help you to decide how. We can always teach Jesus. Every lesson selected from his word leads directly or indirectly up to him.—*Sunday School Times.*

TWO HANDLES.

Every to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IX.—NOVEMBER 30, 1890.

JESUS RISEN.—Luke 24:1-12.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 6-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."—1 Cor. 15:20.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Women at the Sepulchre. vs. 1-3.
II. The Vision of Angels. vs. 4-8.
III. The Message to the Disciples. vs. 9-12.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 19:31-42.—The Burial of Jesus.
T. Matt. 27:55-66.—The Sepulchre Sealed.
W. Luke 24:1-12.—Jesus Risen.
Th. John 19:1-18.—Appearance to Mary Magdalene.
F. Matt. 28:1-15.—The Council's False Report.
S. 1 Cor. 15:1-27.—"Christ the First-Fruits."
S. Col. 3:1-17—Risen with Christ.

TIME.—A.D. 30, Sunday morning, April 9, the third day after the crucifixion; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—At the sepulchre and in Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Joseph of Arimathea obtained an order from Pilate that the body of Jesus should be given to him for burial. Aided by Nicodemus (John 19:38-42), Joseph took the body from the cross and laid it in his own sepulchre. Luke 23:50-54. The next day, the Sabbath, the council obtained permission to seal the sepulchre lest the disciples should steal the body. Matt. 27:62-66. Parallel accounts, Matt. 28:1-10; Mark 16:1-8; John 20:1-10.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 1. *Very early*—Revised Version, "at early dawn." *They*—the women from Galilee. ch. 23:55, 56. (See verse 10.) V. 2. *The stone rolled away*—see Mark 16:3, 4. An angel had removed the difficulty that troubled them. V. 3. *They entered in*—the tomb was a cave hollowed out in the rock. V. 4. *Two men*—angels in the form of men. *In shining garments*—Revised Version, "in dazzling raiment." V. 6. *When he was yet in Galilee*—Matt. 17:22, 23; Luke 9:22; 18:32. V. 9. *Returned*—"with fear and great joy." Matt. 28:8. From the fuller account in John 20:1-18 we learn that Mary Magdalene, seeing the sepulchre open, and supposing the Jews had removed the body, did not remain to enter the sepulchre with the other women, but ran to tell Peter and John. She followed them back to the sepulchre, reaching it after they were gone. To her our Lord first appeared. V. 10. *It was Mary Magdalene, etc.*—see Luke 8:2, 3. V. 11. *Idle tales*—without foundation and unworthy of credit.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—By whom was Jesus buried? Who witnessed his burial? How was the sepulchre guarded? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE. vs. 1-3.—Who went early to the sepulchre? On what day? For what purpose? What hinderance did they expect? Mark 16:3. What did they find? How had the stone been rolled away? Matt. 28 2-4.: What did the woman do?

II. THE VISION OF ANGELS. vs 4-8.—Who appeared to them? How were they affected by the vision? What did the angels say to them? What did they tell them about Christ? Of what did they remind them? When had Jesus said this to them?

III. THE MESSAGE TO THE DISCIPLES. vs. 9-12.—What did the women then do? Who were these women? How did the apostles receive their report? What did Peter do? What did he see in the sepulchre? How was he affected?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That devotion to Jesus finds great reward.
2. That God sends his angels to minister to the friends of Jesus.
3. That we have a risen and a living Saviour.
4. That because Christ lives we shall live also.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. When did Jesus rise from the dead? Ans. Early in the morning, on the first day of the week.
2. How was it made known? Ans. Two angels told the good news to some women who came to the sepulchre.
3. What did the women do? Ans. They told what they had heard from the angels to the disciples.
4. How did the disciples receive their report? Ans. Their words seemed to them as idle tales.

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 7, 1890.

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.—Luke 24:13-27.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?"—Luke 24:30.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 24:13-27.—The Walk to Emmaus.
T. Col. 2:1-15.—So Walk ye in Him.
W. Eph. 1:15-23.—"Your Understanding being Enlightened."
Th. Eph. 4:17-32.—"Not as Other Gentiles Walk."
F. Eph. 4:14-32.—"Not as Fools, but as Wise."
S. Rom. 6:1-14.—Life in Christ.
S. Psalm 119:9-24.—"Open Thou Mine Eyes."

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Unrecognized Companion. vs. 13-16.
II. The Bewildered Disciples. vs. 17-24.
III. The Scriptures Opened. vs. 25-27.

TIME.—A.D. 30, Sunday afternoon, April 9, the third day after the crucifixion; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Emmaus and the road leading to it.

OPENING WORDS.

Mary Magdalene, after the departure of Peter and John, remained at the sepulchre weeping. Jesus appeared to her and gave her a message to the disciples, Mark 16:9; John 20:14. While the other women were returning from the sepulchre Jesus appeared to them also. Matt. 28:9, 10. His third appearance was to Peter, Luke 24:34. Our lesson to-day is an account of his fourth appearance. Parallel passage, Mark 16:12, 13.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 13. *Two of them*—of the disciples, not of the apostles. (See v. 33.) *Three-score furlongs*—about eight miles. V. 16. *Were holden*—by our Lord himself, who in his purpose of love would remain concealed that he might reveal himself more fully. V. 17. *And are sad*—the Revised Version places the interrogation-point after *walk*, and renders this clause, "and they stood still, looking sad." V. 18. *Art thou only a stranger*—Revised Version, "Dost thou alone sojourn in Jerusalem, and not know," etc. V. 21. *Redeemed Israel*—like most of the Jews, they looked for a temporal rather than a spiritual deliverer. V. 24. *Him they saw not*—a natural expression of their unbelief and sorrow. V. 26. *Ought not Christ*—Revised Version, "Behoved it not the Christ." It was a divine necessity. V. 27. *Expounded*—interpreted and explained.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE UNRECOGNIZED COMPANION. vs. 13-16.—Where were the disciples going? Of what were they talking? (See Mal. 3:16.) What things had happened? What other traveller joined them? Why did they not recognize him? Why did he not make himself known

II. THE BEWILDERED DISCIPLES. vs. 17-24.—What did Jesus ask them? What was their answer? Who had they hoped that Jesus was? Why had they now lost hope about him? What strange report had bewildered them? What had still further perplexed them

III. THE SCRIPTURES OPENED. vs. 25, 27.—What did Jesus say to them? What question did he ask? Why ought *the Christ to have suffered these things?* What did Jesus then do? What *things concerning him* do you find in the Old Testament Scriptures?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Jesus will come to walk and talk with those who love him and talk of him.
2. That we may fail to recognize him when he is nearest to us.
3. That we may freely tell him all our cares and perplexities.
4. That there are precious truths in the Scriptures which he only can open to us.
5. That he opens these truths to us by study, meditation, obedience, the light of the Holy Spirit.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. Where did two of the disciples go on the day of the resurrection? Ans. To a village called Emmaus.
2. Who joined them on the way? Ans. Jesus himself drew near and went with them.
3. Why did they not recognize him? Ans. Their eyes were holden that they should not know him.
4. Of what did they tell him? Ans. Of the death of Jesus and the disappointment of their hopes concerning him.
5. What did Jesus explain to them? Ans. All the scriptures concerning himself.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOME INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. S. M. HARTOUGH.

"Walter Harris has been arrested for embezzlement!"

That was the word passing from mouth to mouth in the small town of L——. And I think never was news more unwelcome or unexpected; for Walter Harris had been considered a model young man, and was the pride of many warm friends; and how he could have fallen was incomprehensible. Reared in a Christian home by Christian parents, brought up in the Sabbath school and with every influence for good, it was, indeed, hard to believe him guilty of such a grave crime.

His friends refused to credit the tale. His parents hastened to the city where their son was imprisoned, to effect his release, scarcely believing it could be true that he was in gaol, much less that he was guilty of the charge mentioned. So, while all is excitement, and rumors of every kind are in circulation, let us go back and review the life of this unfortunate young man. I believe that I am the only one in the town that is not shocked. But I only wonder it did not happen sooner. I am a seamstress, and for years have had the secrets of some of the families of L—— in my heart, and many things that surprise and shock the community are not unexpected to me.

I remember little Walter as a bright, frank, interesting child; one who shrank from falsehood and dishonesty as the lamb *shrinks from the wolf*. "How did he get into bad company," do you ask? Why, he was born and bred in dishonesty! Don't shrink. It is true. Let me narrate some facts that came under my own observation. One day, I remember, he was told to go to a neighboring store to make a small purchase. His mother gave him the money with which to pay for the article, and the happy child went about his errand, soon returning and giving into his mother's hands the purchase and the change.

"Why, Walter!" exclaimed the mother, "you have more money than you started with. Did Mr.——give you this?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the child. "Isn't it all right, mamma?"

"Of course it's all right. If Mr. —— makes mistakes he must be the loser." And the mother put the money in her purse giving a little nod of gratification to me.

"I ought to take it back, *mamma?*" said the bewildered boy. And the mother laughed again, as she returned a flippant answer. Did the child comprehend the act?

Not long after this incident another occurred. We three—Walter, his mother and I—were passing a grocery store. A basket of fine pears were on exhibition outside and we stopped to admire. Imagine my surprise after we had passed the store to see Mrs. Harris with a pear. Walter saw it too, and with childish curiosity and eagerness began to question his mother.

"Did you buy some pears, mamma?"

"Hush, no."

"Did the man give it to you?"

"Here, take a piece and run on ahead," then turning to me, said Mrs. Harris, "I didn't mean that Walter should see that pear. I took it as we passed. I often do, but he is such a keen one, I shall have to be more careful!"

On another occasion the pennies in his little bank were missing. His grief and indignation at the discovery were very great, and he at once charged the servant with the theft. To clear herself, the servant informed him that she saw his mother take them. Scarcely believing her word, he hastened into the sewing-room, and with his little face aflame with indignation told his mamma of his loss and the servant's charge.

"You didn't do it, did you, mamma?"

"Yes, dear," she answered with reddening cheeks, "I took them one day when I needed some change. Of course I intend to replace them, my dear."

"But, mamma, isn't that stealing, just the same?"

"Sometimes it is," she answered hesitatingly. "But I intended to put it back before you should discover it, and was going to put in five cents more than I took out, for interest, you know. Won't that do?"

"O, I s'pose so," replied the child. And so it was done the next day.

As the years went by, and Walter grew out of childhood and its dresses, his frank, conscientious nature was changed. Still the educating influence went on. If the milkman gave, in mistake, an extra ticket, or the monthly bills showed some article omitted, Mrs. Harris would say with great satisfaction, "It is their lookout not mine."

"But, mamma," said Walter, "if the mistake was the other way, if he had charged you with something you never bought, wouldn't you tell him?"

"Of course I should," she replied gaily. "Here, you may have the extra dimes to buy some ice cream as you wished to do this morning." Thus the boy became *particeps criminis* unwittingly.

And so the education went on in the boy's heart and life. Such a training would corrupt any boy. Now, as I sit and hear the footsteps of the neighbors as they go about the Harris mansion and hear their expressed words of wonderment and sympathy, I cannot but think of these words, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Mrs. Harris is gathering in her harvest. God help us mothers to be watchful of our little acts, for the eyes of our children are upon us.—*Union Signal.*

OUR BOOK CLUBS.

A writer in the *Watchman*, Boston, tells how the women in her town manage for reading matter.

Most of the women and girls don't feel able to subscribe for high priced periodicals, so we club together and solve the difficulty thus. We call them the Magazine Clubs of Beachwood. We put our money together and get the matter at reduced rates through agencies. The cost is small and the pleasure great, "just what I've allus been ayearnin' after," says Grandmother Ballard. We have certain rules and regulations to govern things. For the first reading, each member is allowed to keep a magazine but one week. This we do to prevent readers from monopolizing them. Each member has a choice in the selection when we order, though we aim to have those of similar taste in the same club. For instance, one will prefer scientific, another religious, and another literary; so we can please all. Experience has taught us to allow none to belong to our charmed circles who are careless or untidy with reading matter. It is not best to have more than six in a club. They should live not too far distant from each other. Ours is composed of one school teacher, a milliner, one housekeeper, the grocer's wife, a school girl and a dear old grandmother with gentle face and silver hair, the kind of a grandmother who likes to sit while the shadows lengthen and read "Stepping Heavenward." At the end of the year we divide up or sell our nice, well kept matter for a good price and use the dollars as a nucleus, or a nest egg, as the children say, towards next year's club. The women down at the Corners are patterning after us, doing likewise, and so our good times multiply.

SOME HYGIENIC HINTS.

During the past few weeks several cases of typhoid fever occurring in Brooklyn have been directly traced to some lack of sanitary sewerage in the country places where the patients had been staying for a time.

Talk as we will about the unhealthfulness of cities, the true fact is the country is much worse off in hundreds of instances. In villages good sewerage is rather the exception than the rule, and in farm-houses innumerable, the back of the house is a regular cesspool, into which all manner of filthiness finds its way. Slops are frequently thrown from the back door without the slightest regard as to where they may drain to. Sometimes they filter directly into the well from which the supply of drinking water is obtained. It was the writer's duty one summer to nurse a small community of people through an epidemic of dysentery, caused by no other reason than sewage flowing into and poisoning the supply of drinking water.

Garbage of all kinds thrown out and left to rot, is productive of disease germs which are inhaled by one and another, who if not strong enough to throw off their influence, succumb to typhoid fever, and if they die the event is spoken of as a mysterious dispensation of providence. Now providence is scarcely responsible for what is so manifestly the result of our own doings. When people learn what are the predisposing causes of various diseases and learn to avoid those peculiar evils, then the diseases disappear in a proportionate ratio. If, therefore, you would run no risk of malarial or typhoid fever, or of dysentery, keep your dwellings and all the adjoining ground and the outhouses about them perfectly clean.

Eating over-ripe and therefore partially decayed fruit or vegetables, as well as eating that which is unripe, is a fruitful cause of colics and dysenteries and other bowel derangements.

Flies are a voted nuisance, but those seasons marked by their conspicuous absence are usually sickly ones. They are the most indefatigable of little scavengers, gleaning up every particle of organic matter which may have settled into decay in or around your dwelling.

After severe rains, windows and doors should be thrown open and, if needful, fires kindled to dry out the atmosphere and relieve the house and furnishings from all suspicion of mould and dampness. Such timely precaution may save the risk of a long illness.—*Christian at Work.*

PATCHING.

Patching is not regarded as a very agreeable occupation. Some other form of needlework is preferred. If a garment is well patched when it is first made, subsequent work of this kind may be largely anticipated.

In making a gown, lay on and fasten neatly to the lining, wherever wear is greatest and holes are most likely to come, pieces of the dress goods. In a basque or waist this will be on the under part of the sleeve and under the arm. In boys' pantaloons this will be in the seat and on the knees. Pieces thus fastened to the lining and stitched in with the seams will not show in the finished garment.

In making underwear the side pieces of under-waists and the yokes of night-gowns should be double, the seats of drawers and all parts bordering on the sleeves should be lined or faced, and the garment protected and fortified wherever the wear is excessive.

If bias sleeves are twice sewed over they will not be likely to rip. Nothing of the kind is more common than the opening of the bias seam in the back of a lady's gown or wrap, especially if it is close fitting, and it may escape her notice when all her friends are well aware of it.

Buttons, hooks and eyes, tapes and loops, cannot be sewed on too thoroughly. A few more stitches put in when the work is first done will prevent the setting of many stitches afterward and the expenditure of time and patience. If the thread and sewing in a garment is as good as the cloth, it ought to wear out without needing much repair.

It is economy to buy silk and cotton thread of the very best quality, and never to use poor thread in making a garment of which hard wear is expected.

When patches must be put upon the outside, they should be cut to a thread on all four sides. This will give right angles at the corners. If there is a figure or stripe, the matching should be complete. In many kinds of goods the piece may be inserted so neatly as to defy passing observation. Turn down the edges to be sewed together, baste them exactly, then with suitable thread and a fine needle sew them together over and over, rub up the seams, and press them. Pieces may thus be set into the inside of pantaloons near the ankle.

To reseat pantaloons open the back seam and cut the worn part by a thread, so as to leave a right angle opposite the bias seam. Press. The larger the piece set in, the less it will look like a patch.—*Selected.*

A COMMON MISTAKE.

"Don't do that, Laura; God won't love you if you disobey mamma; God doesn't love naughty children."

The mother spoke from her sincerest thought, no doubt, but had she reflected she would have seen that she was impressing on a baby's mind a wholly mistaken idea of God's never-failing love. This world would be a weary place for humanity, if God loved only the good, only those who never failed in motive or in action to do his will. "God so loved the world, that he sent his only son to save sinners." Let us be careful that we teach our little ones right theology. God loves them when they are naughty, though he does not approve of their naughtiness.

Think, dear mother. You love your little girl unfailingly, and even when obliged to punish her, it is love that inflicts the penalty. It is a weak, short-sighted love that allows its object to do that which will dwarf its growth, or injure its character, or confirm it in evil ways. But who shall convict the parent of a lack of love, because he or she by every means tries to bring the child up in the exercise of right feelings, and in habits which will crystallize into the expression of a life set heavenward?

Dear friends, our earthly parenthood but feebly conveys to our imaginations a conception of God's great father-heart. Let us be careful that in our dealings with childhood we do not alienate them from God by our careless and mistaken and blundering speech. It is well to say to a child, "You must not do this thing or that, for it will be to disobey God, and to grieve your dear heavenly father." It is well to bring up our children in the fear of offending God, since nothing in the universe is so ungrateful as the wilful offence of the Divine Love; but it is not well, because it is not true, to teach a child that if he or she is naughty God will take his tender love away.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

VERY NICE TEA ROLLS.—One quart of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one teacupful of fresh milk, half a teacupful of good yeast, two eggs, one level tablespoonful of sugar, salt to taste. Mix to a soft dough. When risen sufficiently, knead well, make into round or oblong rolls. Sprinkle lightly with warm water, set to rise again, and bake quickly as soon as they are ready.

PUZZLES NO. 22.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 29 letters, and am a wonder of the world.
My 23, 21, 25, 6, 22 is an empire.
My 11, 6, 26, 16, 8, 29, 14 is non-performance.
My 25, 3, 29, 20, 19, 13, 3, 29, 17 is an ellipse.
My 28, 24, 29, 10, 19, 9 is found on the Eastern continent.
My 4, 2, 8, 27 is to imprison,
My 18, 15, 1, 5, 15 is the name of a sentence prefixed to a device.
My 7, 15, 12, 21, 15 is not divided.

SQUARES:—
I. A feature of Canada. 2. A feature of countries north of Canada. 3. A foreign fruit. 4. What an idiot does. 5. A lock of hair.
II. 1. A twin. 2. A liquid. 3. Reputed to be sunny. 4. Horses. 5. Where lovers meet.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell an American novelist; my finals, one of his works.
1. A domestic animal. 2. A native of Hindoostan spelled backward. 3. A poem to be sung with music. 4. A kind of fruit in the plural. 5. A boy's nickname spelled backward. 6. A precious stone.

CHARADE.

Would you go to "my first"—
You couldn't help buying,
There are wondrous things there,
Things beautiful, rare,
To see, eat, and wear
Oh, you couldn't help buying!

Next, "my second,"—a word
That will never cease asking.
A part is "my third"
Of the world. You have heard
Of "the whole," where the bird
Of fancy is basking.

'Tis a beautiful place
But mortals ne'er enter.
There the natives may race,—
Sing and dance in their grace,
In their own little space,—
Never mortal dare enter.

CORDES.

HIDDEN TREES.

1. The pin Edna gave me is bent. 2. Flora, shut the door. 3. Mamma, please may I go too? 4. Will owes me a dollar. 5. He stands at the helm, calling to us. 6. Clarence dares not jump from there. 7. The cap pleased the little boy.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 21.

GOSPEL ENIGMA.—"Stand Forth."

MOUNTAIN ACROSTIC.—

1. Mount Hor,	Num. 20, 25.
2. Mount Ararat,	Gen 8, 4.
3. Mount Moriah,	II Chron. 3, 1.
4. Mount Olivet,	II Sam. 15, 30.
5. Mount Nebo,	Deut. 32, 49-50.
6. Mount Abarim,	Num. 27, 12.
7. Mount Horeb,	Exodus 18, 5.

"Hamonah,"—Ezekiel 39, 15-16.

RHOMBOIDS.

No. 1.

T
S A V E D
S E D A N
R A T A N
N A B O B

No. 2.

A T L A S
O A S I S
P I L O T
A L L O T
S E P O Y

The Family Circle.

THE CAPTAIN'S WELL.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

[The story of the shipwreck of Captain Valentine Bagley on the coast of Arabia, and his sufferings in the desert, has been familiar from my childhood. It has been partially told in the singularly beautiful lines of my friend Harriet Prescott Spofford, on the occasion of a public celebration, at the Newburyport Library. To the charm and felicity of her verse, as far as it goes, nothing can be added, but in the following ballad I have endeavored to give a fuller detail of the touching incident upon which it is founded.—J. G. W.]

From pain and peril, by land and main,
The shipwrecked sailor came back again—
Back to his home, where wife and child,
Who had mourned him lost, with joy were wild,
Where he sat once more with his kith and kin,
And welcomed his neighbors thronging in.

But when morning came he called for his spad
"I must pay my debt to the Lord," he said.
"Why dig you here?" asked the passer-by;
"Is there gold or silver the road so nigh?"
"No, friend," he answered; "but under this sod
Is the blessed water, the wine of God."
"Water! The Powow is at your back,
And right before you the Merrimack,
And look you up, or look you down,
There's a well-sweep at every door in town."
"True," he said, "we have wells of our own;
But this I dig for the Lord alone."
Said the other; "This soil is dry, you know,
I doubt if a spring can be found below;
You had better consult, before you dig,
Some water-witch, with a hazel twig."
"No, wet or dry, I will dig it here,
Shallow or deep if it takes a year.
In the Arab desert, where shade is none,
The waterless land of sand and sun,
Under the pitiless, brazen sky
My burning throat as the sand was dry;
My crazed brain listened in fever-dreams
For plash of buckets and ripple of streams;
And, opening my eyes to the blinding glare,
And my lips to the breath of the blistering air,
Tortured alike by the heavens and earth,
I cursed, like Job, the day of my birth.
Then something tender, and sad, and mild
As a mother's voice to her wandering child,
Rebuked my frenzy; and, bowing my head,
prayed as I never before had prayed:

"Pity me, God! for I die of thirst;
Take me out of this land accurst;
And if ever I reach my home again,
Where earth has springs, and the sky has rain,
I will dig a well for the passers-by,
And none shall suffer with thirst as I."

"I saw, as I passed my home once more,
The house, the barn, the elms by the door.
The grass-lined road, that riverward wound,
The tall slate stones of the burying-ground.
The belfry and steeple on meeting-house hill,
The brook with its dam, and gray grist-mill,
And I knew in that vision beyond the sea.
The very place where my well must be.

God heard my prayer in that evil day;
He led my feet in their homeward way,
Till I saw at last, through a coast-hill's gap,
The city held in its stony lap,
The mosques and the domes of scorched Muscat,
And my voice leaped up with joy thereat;
For there was a ship at anchor lying,
A Christian flag at its mast-head flying,
And sweetest of sounds to my home-sick ear
Was my native tongue in the sailor's cheer.
Now the Lord be thanked, I am back again,
Where earth has spring, and the skies have rain
And the well I promised, by Oman's Sea,
I am digging for Him in Amesbury."

His good wife wept, and his neighbors said:
"The poor old captain is out of his head."
But from morn to noon, and from noon to night,
He toiled at his task with main and might;
And when at last, from the loosened earth,
Under his spade the stream gushed forth,
And fast as he climbed to his deep well's brim,
The water he dug for followed him;
He shouted for joy: "I have kept my word,
And here is the well I promised the Lord!"

The long years came, and the long years went,
And he sat by his roadside well content;
He watched the travellers, heat-oppressed,
Pause by the way to drink and rest,
And the sweltering horses dip, as they drank,
Their nostrils deep in the cool, sweet tank.
And grateful at heart, his memory went
Back to that waterless Orient,
And the blessed answer of prayer, which came
To the earth of iron and sky of flame.

And when a wayfarer, weary and hot,
Kept to the mid-road, pausing not
For the well's refreshing, he shook his head;
"He don't know the value of water," he said;
"Had he prayed for a drop, as I have done,
In the desert circle of sand and sun,
He would drink and rest, and go home to tell
That God's best gift is the wayside well!"
—*Band of Hope Review.*

"HAVE YOU SEEN MOSE-S?"

BY EVELYN RAYMOND.

(Continued.)

Not only he, but all his fellow-miners, listened with the utmost attention. Finally, one who appeared to be a leader among them cried out, excitedly: "See here, traveller! that thar boy hain't spoke nary word sence ever he come inter camp, but thar ain't no better ner no handier critter 'bove groun' 'an what he is; an' I'll tell ye what we'll du. You can sic' on ter him with 'Mose-s.' er any dern thing ye've a min' ter, an' ef ye kin git anything outen him we'll b'lieve the yarn ye've be'n tellin', an'll fix him up to go 'long back with ye ter that thar loony daddy o' his'n. Ef ye carn't—we'll 'low this ain't ther chap ye're a-lookin' fer, an' keep him 'mongst us er spell longer. What d'ye say, boys?"

They all agreed to the experiment.

The spokesman, toning his voice as if the handsome dish-washer were deaf, bawled out: "Look a-here, Numby!"

The lad desisted from his unfitting task and lifted his great blue eyes toward the speaker's face. That his brain was not wholly without intelligence was evident from the fact that he had learned the title his protectors had given him, and that he paid no attention when he was not addressed.

The miner raised his grimy hand and beckoned. Laying his towel softly down—a peculiar quietude accompanied all his movements—"Numby" obeyed. He came slowly up to the circle and stood just outside its limits, looking mutely from face to face as a dog might have done, yet without a dog's inquiring interest.

"Tackle him, stranger," said some one with eager curiosity.

Fixing my eyes upon the vacant face, and putting all my will into my low-pitched voice, I spoke to him: "Mo-ses! Mose-s!"

The blue eyes ceased wandering and fastened themselves upon my lips. A profound hush fell over the circle. There is no man either so stolid or so sensitive as the frontiersman. If there is any psychological principle involved in the fact that the wish of every miner present was for "Numby" to find his way back to his own identity, I do not know it; but this I do know—each would have sacrificed a fragment of his own intelligence to augment that of the poor lad before us. This may have helped—no human sympathy is wasted—and certain it is that there had come over the fair, boyish face a new expression.

I rose and went to his side. Taking his hands in my own, I repeated as distinctly and impressively as I could: "Mo-ses—Mose-s!"

A slow, faint flush, lovelier than any maiden's blush could be, stole up into the blonde cheek of the poor waif. "Moses, your father—wants—you!"

The color deepened, but some of us could not see it for the mist that veiled our eyes.

We had been two days on our homeward journey, and I had become intensely absorbed in the mental experiment which I was making. The same gentle docility which had characterized the lad's father during his intercourse with me at Boomville was manifest in my fellow-traveller. I was trying to discover the path to the hidden intelligence of Moses, and to lead him with me.

We stopped for a noon rest by the bank of a little stream, and the boy lay at my feet as a child might have done, and it was then and there that I found the coveted clew.

I needed to sleep, but was wakeful. To facilitate the matter I began idly to repeat a Latin conjugation—the old familiar jingle: "*Amo, amas, amat; amamus, amatis, amant.*"

There was a strange sound from the lad as of suddenly catching his breath, then his hand clutched mine, and the long-silent voice took up the refrain: "*Amabo, amabas, amabat; amabamus, amabatis amabant.*"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at my feet I could not have been more startled. Had the thunderbolt brought me a fortune I should not have been so glad.

When we came within sight of Boomville another period of days had elapsed, and the random beginning had led to blessed results. I could scarcely restrain my impatience to find poor "Pop," and was sanguine even of his future. All things seemed now possible. I had not only "seen Mose-s," but I had brought him back sound in body and hourly gaining in mind. Fortunately, the passage of a swift-riding cow-boy, who halted and fed with us, enabled me to send a message to the landlady of the "Eureka" concerning my happy "find" and its results. I wished the "city" to be prepared, that no untoward shock might undo the work which had already been accomplished for "Moses."

But I was destined to a surprise. That kindly, clannish soul "from 'round Contoocook" welcomed her compatriot with more than granite force; she literally fell upon my neck and wept.

Corson, the veterinary, in fact the only physic dealer of any sort in the place, took immediate possession of the returned Moses, and after profuse promises that the newly-awakened brain should not be overtaxed, carried the lad away in triumph. The landlady then ushered me into her little parlor, and into the presence of a gracious, sweet-faced woman with soft gray hair and a general air of culture and refinement that could only have been acquired at either "Cawncord" or "Bawston."

"This is him!" my friend explained, by way of introduction, and with a total disregard of her early advantages, which was barely excusable on the ground of superabundant Western emotion—"This is him—himself!"

"Mrs. Dow has forgotten to tell you who I am," said the sweet-faced woman, coming toward me with extended hands and a smile upon her grief-marked features.

"There is no need, I think, dear madam," I answered, grasping the slender fingers. "You are—Moses's mother."

"Yes; and eternally beholden to Moses's saviour."

"But that was a mere chance—a happy one, I grant you. Your husband—'

"Lies on the bed in the room yonder. Will you believe that the days of miracles are past when I tell you, as I do, that he also is restored to a comprehension of much that has befallen him? Not all, of course; but the rest will come—must come. Do you, who have done so much, care to hear our whole, simple story?"

"I do care to hear it—greatly."

"My husband had not the advantage of the education we desired to give our son, and we both erred, as many ambitious parents have done, in urging a brain which too late we saw was not as strong as we had fancied it. The tension was so great that just before our dear boy was to have been graduated he broke down utterly. The best physicians said that his only hope lay in a complete change of life and surroundings; so his father brought him West, and, hoping for his restoration, sheltered the lad's pride by withholding his name.

"Everything was going well until the passage of that cyclone. You know the rest. But you do not know how long has been my search for my dear ones. I knew that Mr. Penniman intended to change his residence from time to time, as he saw Moses wearying of any; and I never heard when he came here."

There was a feeble call from the bedroom, and the sweet-faced woman went to answer it.

'And, indeed, it was the Lord guided her to this very door!" exclaimed the landlady, wiping away her ready tears, and continuing the tale: "The stage drove up and out she stepped. There sat 'Pop,' and when he clapped eyes on her he sprang up wild like and pushed his hair off his forehead, as if that would help him to remember. Then he gave an awful cry and fell down in a faint. When he come to again she was with him, and he's been getting clearer and clearer ever sence. It's stranger than a story out of a book; but Corson, he allows that it was the shock of seeing her so sudden that brought Mr. Penniman to his senses. But I'm kind of dreading to have her and Moses meet. The poor woman has gone through trouble enough, Lord knows, and if he shouldn't happen——"

There was a noise outside the door, and we looked toward it to see Jim Corson enter from the street leading his temporary charge, who had been intrusted to his care in accordance with the landlady's urgent advice that his longing mother should be duly "prepared."

There was a stir, also, from the bed-room way, and a rustle of woman's garments, The landlady hid her face upon my shoulder, and I turned away my eyes.

For a moment an intensity of silence—then a low cry: "Moses, my son!"

Almost at once the answer: "Mother—why, mother!"

It was the gladdest sound I ever heard.
—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated.*

WHERE DID HE GET IT.

BY KATE DOORIS SHARP.

My little boys were playing "horsey" the other morning when a little fellow looked over the fence and said politely:

"May I come into the yard and play a while?"

"Oh yes; certainly, Johnny, come right in," and in came Johnny.

I will explain here that the new-comer was a neighbor's child, who for a variety of mischief had, at one time or another, been summarily requested to make himself scarce. He was not really a suitable playmate, but he made his request so prettily, it could not be in any one's heart to refuse him.

After awhile little Johnny asked: "May your little boys come up to my house to play?"

Dozens of times have little boys asked me that question, and I have invariably, but oh! so reluctantly, answered "No."

It is tiresome to "stay around" and keep your eye on little fellows while they play. It is often irksome to suggest games for their amusement, something or other to keep them busy and interested, to tell little stories that will mold their minds and manners while pleasing at the same time. But then I always assure myself that while my children are with me I know what they are doing.

Presently some voices were heard in the alley:

"Johnny! Johnny! come here!" Johnny ran to the fence and I heard a voice say:

"Come along we're going to play saloon. We'll give you some of this beer."

"Is it beer?" asked Johnny, anxiously.

"Well, lookey here if 'taint," and the boy opened the patent stopper with a pop; up flew the foam, and the little boy, Charlie, who carried the bottle, took a drink.

As this was highly interesting, I went over to the fence to investigate. The boys with the beer—there were two of them and they carried three bottles of genuine beer—began to withdraw. They were about seven or eight years of age, respectively.

"Why, Charlie," said I to the boy with the open bottle, "where did you get that?"

"We won't tell," he answered sullenly.

"And, Jimmie, what are you going to do with those bottles?" to the other boy.

"We're going around to a stable, to keep saloon," said Jimmie.

"And have you got out a license to go into the business?" but Jimmie and Charlie laughed and ran out of sight. After this things seemed to grow dull for Johnny, and he soon ran after the boys with the beer. He apparently knew where the boys' saloon could be found, but he would not tell.

Where did those boys get the beer? Wouldn't you like to know? Evidently some one is trying to raise a crop of drunkards And as I turned to my little innocents who went on playing their simple games, ignorant of the delights of keeping "saloon," I felt fully compensated for all the care I had given them.

Mothers If there is to be a thorough work of temperance and reform wrought in the land, that work must begin with you. Where are your little boys? where are your girls? If they are off on the streets, you know not where, be sure that the seeds of all evil will find root in their tender hearts. Make home a pleasant place for them and teach them to hate wickedness. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—*Presbyterian Observer.*

MR. WALTER SCOTT.

Mr. Walter Scott, Newcastle-on-Tyne, writes Robert Cochrane in the "British Workman," now one of the foremost industrial chiefs in the North of England, came thither in February, 1848, and found work as a journeyman mason with the contractors of the Central Station. Forty years later we find him a successful contractor, interested in a multitude of enterprises, having been concerned in the erection of churches and many important public buildings, having made railways and docks; proprietor of collieries, steel, iron, and chemical works, besides owning publishing works at Felling, which send out between 30,000 and 40,000 useful and popular volumes every month, and which has carried his reputation as a publisher over the civilized world. Such a career deserves some record and speaks of great energy and wisely-directed capital, ability and enterprise.

Walter Scott was born in 1826, at Abbey Town, a village with a railway station in west Cumberland, four and a-half miles to the east of Silloth. He must have been somewhat of an athlete in his youth, for in his sixteenth year he had the reputation of being the best wrestler in the district of his weight, and was winner of various prizes at this exercise in the Cumberland and Westmoreland county sports. His present industrial pre-eminence is the result of forty years' well-directed labor with head and hands, and affords encouragement to all who, like him, wish to struggle upward. On completing his apprenticeship he started at Newcastle, as we have seen, as a mason, and beginning himself as a builder, soon worked himself into many important contracts.

To many people Mr. Walter Scott is simply the publisher of the "Canterbury Poets," "Camelot Classics," or "Great Writers' Series." His success as a publisher has been phenomenal, and his cheap and well-edited volumes are to be seen everywhere. Newcastle, which is celebrated for coal, shipping, and as the location of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell & Co.'s engineering works, employing about 12,000 men, has been made celebrated also as a publishing centre, through his firm. His case had no precedent, we believe. Most publishers have had a long and severe training in their own line, or as booksellers. The great contractor comes, and in a large-minded way, by the judicious expenditure of capital, aided by shrewd and intelligent managers and good authors, has founded a flourishing and extensive publishing business. This is unique. There have been self-made men enough in this line. Think of struggling, persevering William Hutton; of William Tegg; John Cassell, temperance lecturer, coffee-dealer, and founder of the firm that bears his name; of William and Robert Chambers, and of the Nelsons. There has been no nobler or more regretted brief career, either, than that of the late Frederic Thomas Gammon, head of the firm that publishes this periodical.

The widely-extended nature of Mr. Scott's industrial occupations may best be seen from the following list of buildings and works for which he has been contractor:—The Mechanics' Institute, North Shields: Dr. Rutherford's church, Newcastle; the large new hotel at the east end of the Central Station, Newcastle. Since 1861 the following works have been constructed by him:—The Sunderland South Pier; docks at Silloth, Hartlepool, Burntisland, and Ayr. He has also made several branch railways in Ireland; a railway between Northampton and Rugby; and branches near Manchester and Huddersfield; forty miles of railway in Essex; the London and Southwark subway; and waterworks at Hurry, Yorkshire, to supply Stockton. He also executed the approaches, depots, and railway at Darlington Station, and the new portion of the station at Gateshead. Amongst the buildings erected by Mr. Scott in Newcastle have been the following:—The Catholic Cathedral, Tyne Theatre, County and Douglas hotels, St. George's Hall, St. James's Chapel, also St. George's Cullercoates; and Gateshead Workhouse.

Thomas Carlyle, in his reverent lines penned on the death of his father, James Carlyle, in 1832, who was stonemason first, then farmer, says:—"The force that had been lent my father he honorably expended in manful well-doing. A portion of this planet bears beneficent traces of his strong hand and strong head. Nothing that he undertook to do but he did it faithfully, and like a true man. I shall look on the houses he built with a certain proud interest. They stand sound and firm to the heart, all over his little district. No one that comes after him will ever say, 'Here was the finger of a hollow eye-servant.'" In another place he praises the man who builds a good sound bridge above the man who writes a book. The list we have printed, which is far from complete, gives some indication of what part of the planet bears the traces of Mr. Walter Scott's strong hand and strong head. We do not know whether he is prouder of the books he has had manufactured at Felling Publishing Works, Newcastle, or the public buildings, docks, or railways he has constructed. At all events, he has no reason to be ashamed of the product of that publishing house. In an astonishingly short time a body of first-rate literature has been produced for sale at a very low price. We have only to take up a copy of the "Camelot Classics," or "Great Writers' Series," "Canterbury Poets," or "Contemporary

MR. WALTER SCOTT.

Science Series," to see this. For one shilling, a sum often thoughtlessly and carelessly spent, a volume may be purchased from the first three of these series, which may be a help, solace, and means of instruction for a life-time. No product in our day, indeed, is cheaper than a good book. At the price sometimes, of little more than white paper, the immortal thoughts of our greatest thinkers may be purchased and become a joy for ever to the possessor.

building, Mr. Walter Scott has helped the masses to a body of excellent, well planned, and generally well edited editions of our classical literature.

POOR ROBERT.

BY REV. WILLIAM HASLAM, M. A.

Everybody was so sorry for Robert, and he was sorry too; but he declared it was of no use, he could not help himself. He was a most kind-hearted and amiable man, but unfortunately addicted to drink.

When I came to the parish in which he lived, I found Robert at every service and meeting which was held; but again and again he fell, from drink. Pledges were useless in his case; he had "tried them," as he said, "times without number." I suggested that he should give his heart to God, and then ask the Lord to keep him.

"No," he said; "no, I am sure that will do me no good. No one can keep me from the drink when the craving comes upon me."

He was poor Robert indeed! However, one evening it pleased God to touch his heart, and he yielded himself to him. He sought for mercy and pardon for the past, and, to his great joy, obtained it.

Now he was happy indeed, and went on his way with a light heart. Temptations met him from time to time, but he did not yield. Sometimes, he said, he felt a strong desire for the drink, and by prayer obtained deliverance for the time. At best his was but an up-and-down life, in which he went forward trembling, not knowing how soon he might fall again. He had been told that there was a more victorious way for the child of God than that, but as yet he did not know or see it.

When the Prince of Wales was married there was a general holiday, which proved to be too much for poor Robert. Two days afterwards I was told that he had fallen again, and was worse than ever.

I immediately made it my business to go after him, hoping that kind words might bring him once more to his senses. His wife said to me, "Robert saw you this morning, and has gone off; he says he cannot face you any more, and he added, 'I may as well go and drown myself, for I am no good to anybody! I disappoint everyone who cares for me.'"

Late in the evening, as I was about to give up inquiry, I fell in with him.

"Oh! there you are, Robert," I said, "how are you?"

Looking very sheepish, he said, "I am dreadfully sorry that there Queen was married the other day."

"Why is that?" I inquired; "the whole nation is rejoicing in welcoming the new princess."

"They made me drink her health," he said, "and I got upset. It's no use; as I said before, I can't help it. I'm very sorry, if it's only for your sake; but indeed I can't help it. The chaps are delighted to see me tipsy; they think it will hurt you."

"So it does, Robert, very much, and it hurts the Master's cause too, which we have at heart. I am indeed disappointed about you."

"Well, now, that's just it. I said to my missus this morning, I may as well go and drown myself. I'm no good at all to anyone."

Seeing that the poor fellow was very disheartened and really sorry, I took him home with me. He had been starving for the whole day, and no doubt was weary and faint, as well as dejected. I therefore sent him to the kitchen to get something to eat, and after that I had a long talk with him, I said, "Robert, you tell me that you cannot help yourself."

"And that be the real truth, master," he replied; "no one wishes to do well better than I do; but there it is, you see, I can't help myself."

"Well, Robert, I must confess that I believe you when you say you cannot help it; but I want to tell you of one who can help you. Surely by this time you have had falls enough to know how weak you are. Once you thought that the Lord could not pardon your sins, but when you asked him, how soon he forgave you. Now let us ask him to take you in hand, on purpose to keep you from the drink, and other things besides."

Poor Robert shook his head, as if he could not believe in anything so good, or so easy as that.

"I tell you, Robert," I continued, "that I know what I am talking about, and I am sure that it is as easy for the Lord to deliver you from drink, as it was for him to pardon your sins."

"Of course, master," said the poor man, "I believe that the dear Lord can do everything; but how can I trust him, if I can't—I have tried."

"My dear man," I replied, "I do not ask you to try, or to promise, or to resolve. What I ask you to do is, to give up the drink, and then give yourself over to the Lord's keeping. He can not only keep you from drink, but take from you the very desire for it."

"Yes, yes," said Robert, "the Lord can do all that for others; but you see it's not like that in my case. I see plain enough there's no chance for me. I may as well take and drown myself, that I may."

"Robert, I am asking you to do a far better thing than that," I said; "I want you to sign off the drink once for all—for life, you know. And then we will kneel down and ask the Lord to forgive you for all the past, and keep you in the future."

He knelt down, but I could see plainly that he had but little faith in doing so. After a time it seemed as though something was beginning to dawn upon his mind.

He said, "Of course I can see the dear Lord can do it, and it would be better for him to cure a bad case like mine. I think I begin to see what you are driving at. I know," he added, "some people who say they have lost all taste for the drink, and that they can pass the public without fear or desire to go in!"

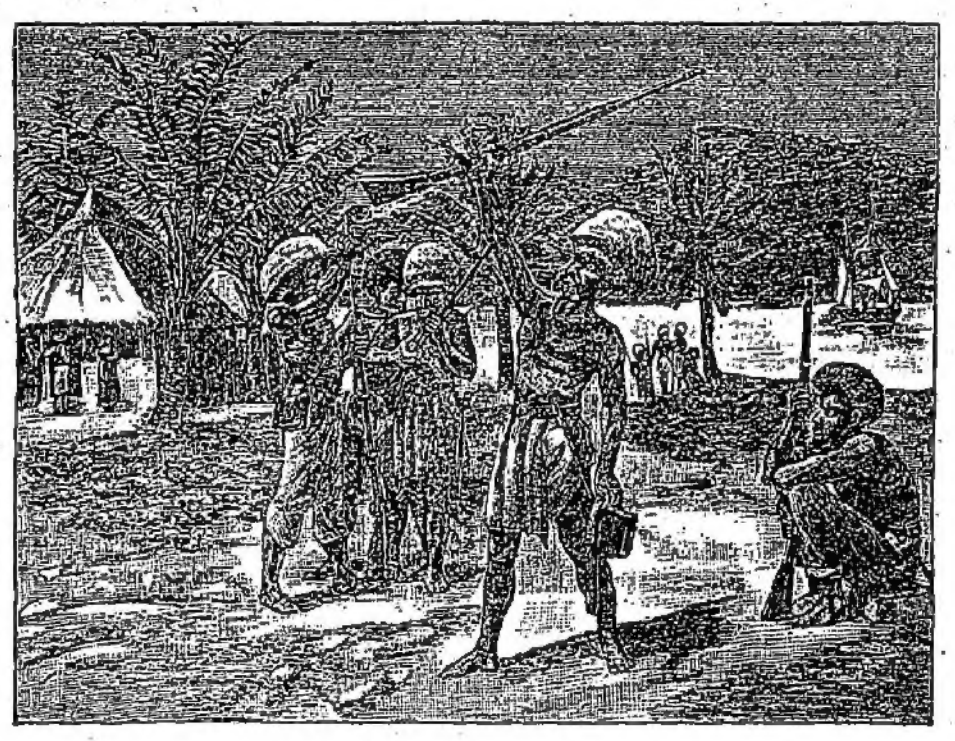
"Yes," I said, "and that is what the Lord can do for you also; and he will do so, if you will only let him. Let us thank him for it beforehand."

We did this; and in a short time Robert rose from his knees with a hope he had never known before. Though still weak in himself, he became strong in the strength of another. The Lord enabled him to resist temptation, and made him a very different man to what he had been.

It was a sad day for poor Robert when I was called to leave the parish and go to another; but he continued to trust in the Lord, and was kept.

Five years afterwards, when I was passing through the parish again, a friend came up to me and said, "Poor Robert is dying, and wishes to see you. His life has been marvellously sustained for more than a fortnight, but he cannot last much longer. He has been asking the Lord to let him 'set eyes on you once again.'"

I went as soon as I could, and found the dear man peaceful and happy. "Thank you, thank you greatly," said the dying man, "for all your kindness to me. God bless you again and again." He then closed his eyes and said, "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart," and in less than half an hour he was gone.—*The Christian.*



SOLOMON ISLANDERS.

PERMISSION TO GO HOME.

Bess went to church one sultry day;
She kept awake, I'm glad to say,
Till "fourthly" started on its way.

Then moments into hours grew;
O dear! O dear! what shall she do?
Unseen, she glided from the pew,

And up the aisle demurely went,
On some absorbing mission bent,
Her eyes filled with a look intent.

She stopped and said, in plaintive tone,
With hand uplifted toward the dome,
"Please, preacher-man, can I go home?"

The treble voice, bell-like in sound,
Disturbed a sermon most profound;
A titter swelled as it went round.

A smile the pastor's face o'erspread,
He paused, and bent his stately head.
"Yes, little dear," he gently said.
—*Christian Advocate.*

CANNIBAL SOLOMONS.

The name of these coal-black islanders says a writer in the *Youth's Companion*, with the uncomfortable epithet attached, becomes grimly familiar now and then, in connection with news from the Pacific of terrible massacres, mutinies and cannibalism either ashore or afloat. The last sensational story was that a cargo of Solomon Islanders had seized and eaten the entire crew of a German vessel conveying them from Samoa to their homes and it is almost invariably the case that released plantation laborers are the heroes of these shocking tales.

Other ships and other crews have vanished from time to time and the impression has been strong that they shared a similar fate, though in the absence of positive proof the people prefer to believe they were swept away by the hurricanes so frequent in island latitudes. To one, however, who knows, as I do, something of these men and the ill-usage that often maddens them, there is a grim significance in the absolute immunity from such outrage enjoyed by ships which are taking this same sort of labor to Samoa. It is always on the return vessels that mutiny occurs—always the return vessels that mysteriously disappear. The natural inference is that the passengers are answerable for what takes place.

It by no means follows that, determined cannibals though they are, the mere greed for human flesh urged the Solomon men to their desperate deed. It is more probable that they gratified a long-cherished desire for vengeance that had grown within them during their period of ill-usage and actual slavery on the German Samoan plantations; and the reckless manner in which they are paid off provides them with the means for putting projects of vengeance into effect.

For days before they leave Apia, these released savages are to be seen strutting over the town in all the glory of rifles and bayonets, with full cartridge pouches buckled around their naked waists, and in their boxes as much powder and as many bullets—not shot—as the remainder of their wages will procure. It is a well-known fact that in all the islands there is no game that requires a bullet.

Hugging their dangerous playthings as children hug new toys, the Solomon Islanders hurry rejoicingly on board. When their arms are taken from them, to be stowed in the hold, the owners keep jealous watch over these treasures which will make them great warriors in their own country, and help them to pay off old scores.

So the ship sails quietly on, and the black men bide their time, brooding over their wrongs and waiting the opportunity which may well come to them at last, if the crew, as sometimes happens, become stupefied by drink. In such a case the hold is broken into, the arms are seized, and the end comes in a hideous massacre and cannibal feast.

In most cases the smarting sense of injury, the thirst for revenge, a virtue with all uncivilized beings, dates back to that evil day when, visiting the white man's ship in friendly fashion, they found themselves roughly imprisoned in the hold and carried to sea. Men not actually kidnapped have been maddened by finding that the three moons for which they had engaged to labor meant with their masters three years—a stretch of time they are incapable of realizing.

The Germans who were, up to 1885, the only importers of island labor in Samoa, had no legally prescribed system of agreement. In order to satisfy home scruples the German consul would board an incoming ship, and pretend to verify the cunningly drawn contract of voluntary service, to which the members of the human cargo set marks opposite their names, or such nicknames as their captors might give them.

But how should savages so primitive as the Solomon men, who regard anything that is written with reverence, as some terrible fetich of the mighty white, comprehend the mysteries of a wordy document which sets forth that they fully understand and agree to all that is therein contained: wages, residence, length of servitude and arrangements for return? They do not comprehend, nor attempt to do so, but submissively put their marks where they are directed. Should they decline the recruiter signs for them, and the captain and mate having countersigned the document, it possesses all the legal force that is desired.

Another method of obtaining laborers is that of subsidizing some powerful chief to go to war. As he gets an advance on the bargain in the shape of muskets and ammunition, he always wins an easy victory, and joyfully exchanges his human plunder for more guns, powder and bullets.

Once afloat and all hope over, the list is produced. The prisoners of war, the kidnapped and the volunteers set down their mark for the satisfaction of the authorities at Apia, and all that is left the poor wretches is to suffer in silence or jump overboard and end their misery.

This is the experience that lives with them through all their term of slavery. They may seem tractable and happy, and even grow attached to their masters, but they never forget their wrongs, and will quite frankly inform all questioners that they mean to kill a white man or two in retaliation, when the time comes.

From their companions in bondage they soon learn the term they have to serve, and their "head boy" will be seen on each full moon carefully cutting a notch on his tally stick. But alas! when he has faithfully recorded his last moon, and goes joyfully to the manager to demand his release, he is harshly told that his count is wrong. The lunar month is the only one he knows; his masters have counted by the calendar, and he is peremptorily sent back to his work. Bewildered, helpless and resentful, he obeys; but even when the full three years has elapsed he is often detained, sometimes for two years longer.

The very appearance of a Solomon "boy"—all are called "boys," irrespective of age—would convince a physiognomist that he belonged to a crafty and cruel but by no means stupid race. Indeed, his look suggests a curious subtilty. The eyes, continually rolling, seem to take note of everything, and the dark scowl that distorts every feature, if the man is in the slightest degree angry, is by no means a pleasant thing to see.

When these men are in full health, their skins, as soft and glossy as satin, are of the deepest imaginable black. As a rule they are lithe and active—not large, but as faultless in shape as so many Apollos. A Solomon dandy will accentuate his natural tint by making his very abundant mop of frizzled hair almost white by constant bleaching with coral lime. This snowy mushroom-shaped head of hair, standing quite two feet above a jet-black face and body, has the oddest effect imaginable.

The Solomons, in their way, are very musical, and when their plantation work is done will assemble on the moonlit beach to practice their wild harmony. They throw an immense amount of muscular energy into the work, never resting until unable to blow another note or even to keep their legs.

The musical metre is regulated evidently by some acknowledged law; the instruments are all made of bamboo, the favorites being perfect imitations of Pandean pipes, but tuned to a peculiar pitch. The others are single bamboos of various lengths and diameters, the sound being produced by blowing across their mouths, and deeper or shriller in proportion to the lengths or openings.

I was present some time ago at a concert given "by special request" by a Solomon Island band. This consisted of some thirty performers, directed by a chief musician. When all set off at score, the music produced was of the most bewildering kind. It quite defied description, and yet was not unpleasant in its way. First came a sort of wailing strain that changed from slow to rapid measure and back again with startling suddenness, rising and falling in barbaric bursts of quite clear cadence and accurately marked time. One moment it seemed far, far away, the next it was unquestionably close, in the highest and shrillest notes of the Pandean pipes. In fact, it suggested nothing so much as waves of musical wailing flowing in from the distance, coming nearer and nearer till it burst in ecstatic fervor close at hand and passed away to make room for some fresh, strange sound.

The performance was clearly the result of much study, so cleverly did the hoarse booming of the big bamboo harmonize both in tune and tone with the notes of all the smaller canes filling up the consonant gap between the roar of the bass and the shrillest cry of the pipes.

While the concert was in full swing, some of the audience wondered if it were possible that certain strange notes heard from time to time could be produced from hollow reeds. Drawing near to examine, they found that at least half the performers had no instruments at all, but were doing their best with their voices to swell the concert of sweet sound.

Each savage took an almost maddened interest in his work. Balancing first on one leg, then on the other, keeping perfect time the while, violently contorting their bodies, bringing their heads close together and strenuously wagging them from side to side, as though to mix the issuing notes in one general musical mass, the men blew, grunted, snorted and writhed until the perspiration rolled from them. They would have gone on thus till they dropped, if they had not been summarily dismissed. —*Youth's Companion.*

THE NEEDED STIMULUS.

Several years ago I was one evening sitting in my study when a lad entered my presence, and asked if I would be willing to lend him something to read. I replied in the affirmative, and inquired what kind of reading matter he desired. He expressed a wish for something that was "exciting," and I requested him to be a little more definite. Then he gave me a vivid summary of a work which he had recently read to his great enjoyment; evidently one of those trashy romances of which so many are published in "Boys' Libraries," whose perusal can in nowise be beneficial.

I went to my bookcase and took from it one of Abbott's histories for young people, "The History of Darius the Great." Opening it, I read the paragraph in which is given an account of the shooting by Cambyses of his friend's son through the heart with an arrow before the father's eyes. Then I asked if he thought the book would suit him, and he answered, "Yes, sir."

He carried the book away with him, and two evenings later returned with it, inquiring if I would lend him another similar to it. I did so, and let him have other volumes in succession, until, within three months after receiving the first, he had read the thirty and odd volumes forming the series—read them understandingly I learned by questioning him—and acquired a taste for substantial literary food.

This summer he will graduate with the highest honors from one of the foremost colleges in the country, having defrayed the expenses of the preparatory school and the college by his earnings when his mates were many of them resting. He intends eventually to practise at the bar, where one of his disposition is likely to become a "shining light," if neither a Webster nor a Choate.

He is pleased to attribute his desire for an education to my encouragement years since; but I can conscientiously credit myself only with having brought to his consideration the books to which I have referred.

Young friends, read these same books, or books of a similar character, instead of the printed "stuff" which greets your vision on every side. You will find the story of real "flesh-and-blood heroes" and heroines as "exciting" as is that of fictitious personages, and, reading them, will be stimulated to emulate their noblest, to abhor their worst traits. Best of all, such books will incite you to acquire additional information relative to those concerning whom you have been reading, and eventually to secure an education that will fit you to make your way through the world successfully.—*Fred F. Foster, in Harper's Young People.*

"US BOYS."

A temperance lecturer was preaching on his favorite theme. "Now, boys, when I ask you a question you must not be afraid to speak up and answer me. When you look around and see all those fine houses, farms, and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices.

"Where will your fathers be in twenty years!"

"Dead," shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own this property then?"

"Us boys," shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now, tell me, did you ever in going along the street, notice the drunkards lounging around the public-house door, waiting for some one to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lots of them."

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead," exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be drunkards then?"

"Us boys."

Everybody was thunder-struck. It sounded awfully! It was awful; but it was true.—*Selected.*

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost,—
Every good deed, nobly done
Will repay the cost.
—Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton.

PANSIES.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

(Continued.)

"The second spring, Lucretia, anxious to waste no time, and ambitious to surprise Mr. Lyman, decided to go and study with old Dr. Gardener at Portland. He fitted young men for college, was a friend of our father's, and had a daughter who was a very wise and accomplished woman That was a very happy summer, and Lucretia got on so well that she begged to stay all winter. It was a rare chance, for there were no colleges for girls then, and very few advantages to be had, and the dear creature burned to improve every faculty, that she might be more worthy of her lover. She fitted herself for college with the youths there, and did wonders, for love sharpened her wits, and the thought of that happy meeting spurred her on to untiring exertion. Mr. Lyman was expected in May, and the wedding was to be in June. But, alas for the poor girl! the yellow-fever came, and he was one of the first victims. They never met again, and nothing was left her of all that happy time but his letters, his library, and the pansy."

Mrs. Warburton paused to wipe a few tears from her eyes, while the girls sat in sympathetic silence.

"We thought it would kill her, that sudden change from love, hope, and happiness to sorrow, death, and solitude. But hearts don't break, my dears, if they know where to go for strength. Lucretia did, and after the first shock was over, found comfort in her books, saying, with a bright, brave look, and the sweetest resignation, 'I must go on trying to be more worthy of him, for we shall meet again in God's good time, and he shall see that I do not forget.'

"That was better than tears and lamentation, and the long years that followed were beautiful and busy ones, full of dutiful care for us at home after our mother died, of interest in all the good works of her time, and of a steady, quiet effort to improve every faculty of her fine mind, till she was felt to be one of the noblest women in our city. Her influence was widespread; all the intelligent people sought her; and when she travelled, she was welcomed everywhere; for cultivated persons have a freemasonry of their own, and are recognized at once."

"Did she ever marry?" asked Carrie, feeling that no life could be quite successful without that great event.

"Never. She felt herself a widow, and wore black to the day of her death. Many men asked her hand, but she refused them all, and was the sweetest 'old maid' ever seen,—cheerful and serene to the very last, for she was ill a long time, and found her solace and stay still in the beloved books. Even when she could no longer read them, her memory supplied her with the mental food that kept her soul strong while her body failed. It was wonderful to hear her repeating fine lines, heroic sayings, and comforting psalms through the weary nights when no sleep would come, making friends and helpers of the poets, philosophers, and saints whom she knew and loved so well. It made death beautiful, and taught me how victorious an immortal soul can be over the ills that vex our mortal flesh.

"She died at dawn on Easter Sunday, after a quiet night, when she had given me her little legacy of letters, books, and the one jewel she had always worn, repeating her lover's words to comfort me. I had read the Commendatory prayer, and as I finished, she whispered, with a look of perfect peace:

"'Shut the book, dear, I need study no more; I have hoped and believed, now I shall know'; and so she went happily away to meet her lover after patient waiting."

The sigh of the wind was the only sound that broke the silence till the quiet voice went on again, as if it loved to tell the story; for the thought of soon seeing the beloved sister took the sadness from the memory of the past.

"I also found my solace in books, for I was very lonely when she was gone, my father being dead, my brothers married, and home desolate. I took to study and reading as a congenial employment, feeling no inclination to marry, and for many years was quite contented among my books. But in trying to follow in dear Lucretia's footsteps, I unconsciously fitted myself for the great honor and happiness of my life, and curiously enough I owed it to a book."

Mrs. Warburton smiled as she took up a shabby little volume from the table where Alice had laid it, and, quick to divine another romance, Eva said, like a story-loving child:

"Do tell about it! The other was so sad."

"This begins merrily, and had a wedding in it, as young girls think all stories should. Well, when I was about thirty-five, I was invited to join a party of friends on a trip to Canada, that being the favorite jaunt in my young days. I'd been studying hard for some years, and needed rest, so I was glad to go. As a good book for an excursion, I took this, 'Wordsworth' in my bag. It is full of fine passages, you know, and I loved it, for it was one of the books given to Lucretia by her lover. We had a charming time, and were on our way to Quebec when my little adventure happened. I was in raptures over the grand St. Lawrence as we steamed slowly from Montreal that lovely summer day. I could not read, but sat on the upper deck, feasting my eyes and dreaming dreams, as even staid maidens will when out on a holiday. Suddenly I caught the sound of voices in earnest discussion on the lower deck, and, glancing down, saw several gentlemen leaning against the rail as they talked over certain events of great public interest at that moment. I knew that a party of distinguished persons were on board, as my friend's husband, Dr. Tracy, knew some of them, and had pointed out Mr. Warburton as one of the rising scientific men of the day. I remembered that my sister had met him years before, and much admired him both for his own gifts and because he had known Mr. Lyman. As other people were listening, I felt privileged to do the same, for the conversation was an eloquent one, and well worth hearing. So interested did I become that I forgot the great rafts floating by, the picturesque shores, the splendid river, and leaned nearer and nearer that no word might be lost, till my book slipped out of my lap and fell straight down upon the head of one of the gentlemen, giving him a smart blow, and knocking his hat overboard."

"Oh, what did you do?" cried the girls, much amused at this unromantic catastrophe.

Mrs. Warburton clasped her hands dramatically, as her eyes twinkled and a pretty color came into her cheeks at the memory of that exciting moment.

"My dears, I could have dropped with mortification! What could I do but dodge and peep as I waited to see the end of this most untoward accident? Fortunately I was alone on that side of the deck, so none of the ladies saw my mishap, and, slipping along the seat to a distant corner, I hid my face behind a convenient newspaper as I watched the little flurry of fishing up the hat by a man in a boat near by, and the merriment of the gentlemen over this assault of William Wordsworth upon Samuel Warburton. The book passed from hand to hand, and many jokes were made upon the 'fair Helen' whose name was written on the paper cover which protected it.

"'I knew a Miss Harper once—a lovely woman, but her name was not Helen, and she is dead,—God bless her!' I heard Mr. Warburton say, as he flapped his straw hat to dry it, and rubbed his head, which, fortunately, was well covered with thick grey hair at that time.

"I longed to go down and tell him who I was, but I had not the courage to face all those men. It really was most embarrassing; so I waited for a more private moment to claim my book, as I knew we should not land till night, so there was no danger of losing it.

"'This is a rather uncommon book for a woman to be reading. Some literary lady doubtless. Better look her up, Warburton, when she comes down to luncheon,' said a jovial old gentlemen.

"'I shall know her by her intelligent face and conversation, if this book belongs to a lady. It will be an honor and a pleasure to meet a woman who enjoys Wordsworth, for in my opinion he is one of our truest poets,' answered Mr. Warburton, putting the book in his pocket, with a look and a tone that were most respectful, and comforting to me just then.

"I hoped he would examine the volume, for Lucretia's and Mr. Lyman's names were on the fly-leaf, and that would be a delightful introduction for me. So I said nothing and bided my time, feeling rather foolish when we all filed in to luncheon, and I saw the other party glancing at the ladies at the table. Mr. Warburton's eye paused a moment as it passed from Mrs. Tracy to me, and I fear I blushed like a girl, my dears," said the narrator, as she went on with the most romantic episode of her quiet life.

"I retired to my state-room after lunch to compose myself, and when I emerged, in the cool of the afternoon, my first glance showed me that my hour had come, for there on deck was Mr. Warburton, talking to Mrs. Tracy, with my book in his hand. I hesitated a moment, for in spite of my age I was rather shy, and really it was not an easy thing to apologize to a strange gentleman for dropping books on his head and spoiling his hat. Men think so much of their hats, you know. I was spared embarrassment, however, for he saw me and came to me at once, saying, in the most cordial manner, as he showed the names on the fly-leaf of my 'Wordsworth,' 'I am sure we need no other introduction than the names of these two dear friends of ours. I am very glad to find that Miss Helen Harper is the little girl I saw once or twice at her father's house some years ago, and to meet her so pleasantly again.'

"That made everything easy and delightful, and when I had apologized and been laughingly assured that he considered it rather an honor than otherwise to be assaulted by so great a poet, we fell to talking of old times, and soon forgot that we were strangers. He was twenty years older than I, but a handsome man, and a most interesting and excellent one, as we all know. He had lost a young wife long before, and had lived for science ever since, but it had not made him dry, or cold, or selfish. He was very young at heart, for all his wisdom, and he enjoyed that holiday like a boy out of school. So did I, and never dreamed that anything would come of it, but a pleasant friendship founded on our love for those now dead and gone. Dear me! how strangely things turn out in this world of ours, and how the dropping of that book changed my life! Well, that was our introduction, and that first long conversation was followed by many more, equally charming, during the three weeks in which our parties were often together, as both were taking the same trip, and Dr. Tracy was glad to meet his old friend.

"I need not tell you how delightful such society was to me, nor how surprised I was when, on the last day before we parted, Mr. Warburton, who had answered many questions of mine during those long chats of ours, asked me a very serious one, and I found that I could answer it as he wished. It was a great honor as well as happiness, and I feared I was not worthy of it, but I tried to be, and felt a tender satisfaction in thinking that I owed it to dear Lucretia, in part at least; for my effort to imitate her made me fitter to become a wise man's wife, and twenty years of very sweet companionship was my reward."

As she spoke, Mrs. Warburton bowed her head before the portrait of a courtly old man which hung above the mantelpiece.

It was a pretty, old-fashioned expression of wifely pride and womanly tenderness in the fine old lady, who forgot her own gifts, and felt only humility and gratitude to the man who had found in her a comrade in intellectual pursuits, as well as a helpmate for his declining years.

The girls looked up with eyes full of something softer than mere curiosity, and felt in their young hearts how precious and honorable such a memory must be, how true and beautiful such a marriage was, and how sweet wisdom might become when it went hand in hand with love.

Alice spoke first, saying, as she touched the worn cover of the little book with a new sort of respect, "Thank you very much! Perhaps I ought not to have taken this from the corner shelf in your sanctum! I wanted to find the rest of the lines Mr. Thornton quoted last night, and didn't stop to ask leave."

"You are welcome, my love, for you know how to treat books. Yes, those in the little case are my precious relics. I keep them all, from my childish hymn-book to my great-grandfather's brass-bound Bible, for by-and-by when I sit 'Looking toward sunset,' as dear Lydia Maria Child calls our last days, I shall lose my interest in other books, and take comfort in these. At the end as at the beginning of life we are all children again, and love the songs our mothers sang us, and the one true book, our best teacher as we draw near to God."

As the reverend voice paused a ray of sunshine broke through the parting clouds, and shone full on the serene face turned to meet it, with a smile that welcomed the herald of a lovely sunset.

"The rain is over; there will be just time for a run in the garden before dinner, girls. I must go and put on my cap, for literary ladies should not neglect to look well after the ways of their household and keep themselves tidy, no matter how old they may be." And with a nod Mrs. Warburton left them, wondering what the effect of her conversation would be on the minds of her young guests.

Alice went away to the garden, thinking of Lucretia and her lover, as she gathered flowers in the sunshine. Conscientious Eva took the "Life of Mary Somerville" to her room, and read diligently for half an hour, that no time might be lost in her new course of reading. Carrie sent her paper novel up the chimney in a lively blaze, and, as she watched the book burn, decided to take her blue and gold volume of Tennyson with her on her next trip to Nahant, in case an eligible learned or literary man's heart should offer itself as a shining mark.

When they all met at dinner-time the old lady was pleased to see a nosegay of fresh pansies in the bosoms of her three youngest guests, and to hear Alice whisper, with grateful eyes:

"We wear your flower to show you that we don't mean to forget the lesson you so kindly gave us, and to fortify ourselves with 'noble thoughts,' as you and she did."

THE END.

GIRLS AND WOMEN.

A New York paper recently offered a prize of £5 for the best brief answer to the old, yet ever-new question: "What shall we do with our girls?" Madame Albani-Gye was judge, and awarded the prize to the writer of a short essay, which proved to be from Ella Wheeler Wilcox. This is the essential part:—The foundation of society rests on its homes. The success of our homes rests on the wives. Therefore, first of all, teach our girls how to be successful wives. Begin in their infancy to develop their characters. Teach them that jealousy is an immorality and gossip a vice. Train them to keep the smallest promise as sacredly as an oath, and to speak of people only as they would speak to them. Teach them to look for the best quality in every one they meet, and to notice other people's faults only to avoid them. Train them to do small things well and to delight in helping others, and instill constantly into their minds the necessity for sacrifice for others' pleasure as a means of soul development. Once given a firm foundation of character like this, which the poorest as well as the richest parents can give to their girls, and no matter what necessity arises they will be able to rise above it.—*British Weekly.*

RELIGION finds the love of happiness and the principle of duty separated in us; and its mission—its masterpiece—is to reunite them.—*Vinet.*

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

For ourselves, we should be content to rest the whole burden of proof on the uncontested and incontestable facts of Christian missions in the islands of the South Seas; for surely we need not go in search of degradation below the depths of general and undisguised cannibalism. Nay, further, we should be willing to stake the whole upon the facts of three noble lives, unknown to us even by name till their histories, told by one who knew them well, thrilled us with a new sense of the glory of the grace of God.

It is to the Rev. Wyatt Gill, the veteran missionary who has spent nearly half a century in the South Seas, that we owe the following account.

Nasiline, a chief with whom he was intimate for many years, was both a worker and a sufferer for Christ, a man whom he and his colleagues deliberately counted worthy to stand beside some of the brightest examples of Christian heroism that have ever adorned the Church of God. And yet this man, consistent, nobly truthful, devoted and self-sacrificing, had grown to manhood as a heathen and a cannibal! Mr. Gill told us, with graphic power, how Nasiline, in one of their walks, took him to a secluded bay where part of the skeleton of a wrecked ship was still lodged, gaunt and weather-worn; and told him, with deepest self-abasement and gratitude, of one of the exploits of his heathen days, thus brought to mind—how he had planned to lure this ship ashore, and then, with his people, had seized, and killed, and eaten the four white men who composed her crew!

Maretu, the next one mentioned, who was for thirty years Mr. Gill's much loved and valued assistant, in the mission work at Raratonga, had also spent his boyhood and youth in the darkest savagery of heathenism. On one occasion, going with his father and a few others on a raid undertaken solely to gratify their cannibal propensities, they had surprised and murdered a whole family, and spent the night, as was their custom and their glory, sleeping among the bodies of their victims. Morning roused them to the important task of cutting up and dividing their prey, and it was then discovered that the head of one of the little children was already gone. Maretu had hidden it away stealthily for his private eating.

Yet of this man, Mr. Gill testified that, in thirty years of constant intercourse, he could not point to a flaw in his Christian character, and never heard one even alleged by others. His force of character, his winning tact, and the spotless holiness of his life made him an untold power for good among his countrymen; and in any tribal difficulty, or any jealousy among the native churches, the missionaries always felt that the matter was safe in Maretu's willing hands. His apostolic life was closed by a death of saintly peace and dignity. Lying in a house near the little church, he prayed that he might live till Sunday morning, to hear once more the sounds of the hymns he had loved so long. His desire was granted, and then, lifting up his hands, he blessed his sorrowing people, praying that the Spirit of the living God might ever dwell among them, and so "fell asleep" in Jesus.

Tauraki, the third instance named, belonged to a younger generation, and was baptized in infancy; his father, Ehkana, being an eminent deacon and evangelist in the native church. Gifted by nature, as well as grace, a good English scholar, married to a Christian wife, and happily settled as catechist and schoolmaster among his own people, a peaceful and happy life seemed to lie before the young Tauraki. But he had heard the call of Christ, and could not but "leave all and follow him." When it was proposed, a few years ago, to open a new mission among the fierce tribes of New Guinea, Tauraki was one of the first to volunteer. The missionary who loved him as his own son, was fain to dissuade him, or at least to point out plainly all the dangers he would run; but it is no strange thing among these South Sea Islanders to face death for Christ, and Tauraki could not be deterred. He went with his wife, and did good service among the Motumotuans near Port Moresby, gaining great influence among these "wild, rowdy natives." Then, only last year, a blood feud arose between them and the Moriavians; and Tauraki, going up country on a peaceable errand, with five of his converts and his wife and adopted child, was surrounded by a party of the latter tribe. His plea that he was a foreigner, and a stranger to their feuds, was admitted by the savages, who gave him leave to depart, but refused to spare the Motumotuans, because, though innocent, they belonged to the hostile tribe. Tauraki's noble rejoinder was—"They are my children—if you kill them you must kill me first;" and the next moment they all fell beneath a hail of arrows. The five Motumotuans were all dispatched, and the three others left insensible, but when Tauraki recovered consciousness he found the child dead also. Drawing the arrows from his wife's wounds and his own, he again fainted, and they were found thus by some boys of the party, who had been fishing at a distance during the attack. The lads put them into the canoe, and paddled it back to Motumotu, where the devoted pair were tenderly nursed by a Norwegian gentleman, who had settled there for the purpose of opening up trade, and his English wife. The wife survived and was placed in safety with the mission in Hall Sound, but the heroic young evangelist lies in a martyr grave among his "children" in the faith.

Words can add nothing to the weight of lives like these. If any should object that they are exceptional instances, we need only ask, "Are such common among ourselves?" And we may also boldly state the indisputable fact that in hundreds of these southern isles, once sunk in grossest darkness, the standard of both religion and morality is higher far than prevails in Christian England at the present day.—*Service for the King.*

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